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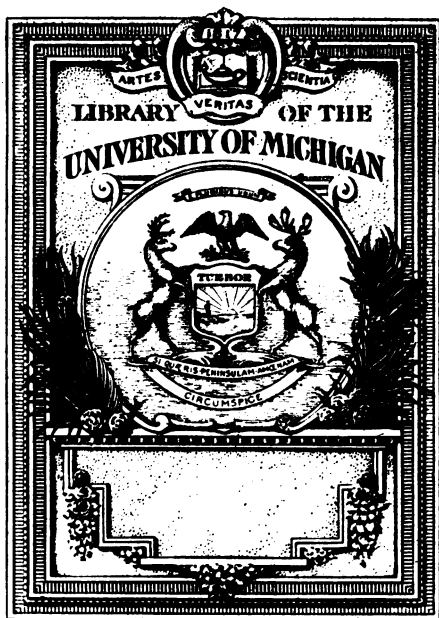
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D O N
JUAN LAMBERTO:
Or, A Comical
HISTORY
O F
Our Late Times.

Wherein the subtil Contrivances, Arch
Rogueries, and Villainous Treasons of the
late notorious Rebels, under several feigned
Names are jovially discovered, and to
the very life displayed.

In Two Parts.

By MONTBLIGN Knight of the Oracle, &c.

The Third Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Henry Marsh at the Princes Armes in
Chancery-Lane, near Fleetstreet, 1665.

Flatman Thomas

READER;

EPistles like Prologues of Playes are many times skipt over
scidome read : and to say the truth, I know not that they
are of any great use: and therefore that I may not sin against
your patience, and my own opinion, I shall say no more
what is here writ, but onely thus much, that these Letters may
read here what they never read in their lives: for whereas
other Knights fought for their sakes, our Knights fought for
Nobody's sakes but their own, as you shall finde by the follow
And so farewell.



Don JUAN LAMBERTO:

OR,

A COMICAL HISTORY

OF

The Late Times.

Directed by
Pearson
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CHAP. I.

How Cromwel Soldan of Britain dyed; and what befel
his Son the Meek Knight.



Now had Cromwel the dread Soldan of Britain, through the importunity of death, with much unwillingness left this World, and his Son Ricardus, surnamed for his great valour the Meek Knight, reigned in his stead: When loe fortune having now a mind to eat sauce with her meat, resolves to gather this great Mulhrome, and lay him in pickle. There were at that time in England many good Knights, who had been greatly despised, and evilly intreated by the Soldan in his lifetime, who sought all advantages to reck their most implacable malice on his Son the Meek Knight, who was placed on the Throne in the room of his Father: The chief of these was Sir Lambert, the Knight of the Golden Tulep; One of an eager and revengeful spirit; and beside that very ambitious, so that he not onely sought to be revenged on the Meek Knight for the injuries he had received from his Father, but to make himself chief Soldan also; however he was very sly and close,

P. P. B. 51. and

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and would by no means discover himself until that by his fair carriage he had won to his side many of the chief Soldans Knights, who had him in great honour and esteem, for that they took him to be a right cunning and valorous Champion.

CHAP. II.

Of the Birth of Sir *Vane*, Knight of the most mystical Allegories.

When nature by true consanguinity had created him in his Mothers Womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Fire-brand, that should set on fire her Mansion House, which dream she long concealed and kept secret: until her painful burden was grown so heavy that she was scarce able to endure it: so finding at length an opportunity to reveal it to her husband, she revealed her dream in this manner, 'My most honourable Lord, you know that I am your true and lawful Wife, yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the dear and natural love you bear unto the Infant conceived in my Womb, that either by art, wisdom, or some other inspiration you calculate upon my troublesome dreams, and tell me what they are: For night by night no sooner doth sweet sleep seize upon my senses, but I dream that I am conceived of a dreadful fire-brand, the which shall set on fire our Mansion House: To which her husband answered in this manner, My most dear and beloved Lady, what art or learning can perform with all convenient speed shall be accomplished: for never shall rest take possession of my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of my eyes, till I understand the signification of this troublesome matter.

Thereupon he travelled through many Desarts and Wilder-nesses, hoping to meet with the Hermitage of some Inchantress, but he could find none: for then Yill the Necromancer dwelt not in the Strand, neither were there any Sorcerers in South-wark; Whereupon seeing no other means to attain his desired end, he went and bought him a Fortune-Book and a Bale of Dice, and carried them home to his beloved Lady, who with great earnestness expected his return for two reasons, first and

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of curiosity, and then because that supper was like to be spoiled. Being return'd home, and having refresh'd his weary body with copious food; as he was sitting at the Table, after the cloth was taken away, he called for the said Fortune Book, and caused his Wife to throw three Dice, under the philosopher Pythagoras, who directed them to this following saying of Haly the Conjuror, which gave them full satisfaction of the nature of the Infant. The Verses were these.

This Son is thine with Heav'n's good leave,
His Tongue all people shall deceive;
Folk shall thee curse for thy nights work,
When thou him got'st, nor Christian, nor Turk.
Throw Dice no more on any Day,
For it is truth what ere I say.

CHAP. III.

How the Knight of the mysterious Allegories grew up, and how he put strife between his Mother and her Maids, and caused his Father and Mother to go together by the ears.

WHILE both the Father and the Mother were scanning what the meaning should be of this same Oracle; The Child himself gave still an exposition more and more clear as he grew in years: 'Tis true that when he was a Child, he acted but the Childs part, and exercised his Talents on more mean subjects, though he were not unmindful of his work in what ever Sphere he mov'd: He began with his Mothers Maids, between whom and his Mother he made perpetual discords and dissensions by accusing either the Maid to the Mistress, or the Mistress to the Maid; nor could he endure to see his Father and Mother in peace: using the same policies to set them also at variance, which he did with so much dexterity; that one might perceive how he made it his study: What ever he knew his Father disliked in his Mother; that he made her continually acting; and what his Mother approv'd not of in his Father, of that he reproved his Father alwayes most guilty.

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CHAP. I V.

How his Father sent him to School, and how he there set the Boyes against their Master, and bred differences between the Master and his Wife.

BUT when these tricks of the young stripling were reveal'd to his Father, he bethought himself of ridding this little vermin out of his house: Wherefore he caused great search to be made after a worthy Pedagogue: and at length one was found and brought unto him: To whom the Father of the stripling thus said, 'Sir Pedagogue, I have here a Son whom I would have thee to instruct, and bring up with great care; therefore if thou wilt take him, and keep him seven years, and give him such instruction as thou art able, I will after that greatly advance thee and thy generation. Sir Pedagogue made the Father of the youth a great bow, and a most obsequious leg, and said unto him, Sir Knight, I will perform all thy commands. Thereupon he took the stripling home, and indoctrinated him with very exceeding pains. But long had not the young Lad bin there, but according to his usual course, he sowed such seeds of dissention among the Boyes, that instead of their former obedience and respect, they exercised now nothing but rebellion and disobedience: It was enough for the Master who before could frown every Scholar he had into a looseness, now to beseech them to lay down their Back-bats. His Wife too, who had before so long been loving to him, now scolds at him like a Butter-whoop, and he hates her that so lately was so dear to him. Fathers complain, the Master fumes, the Mistress rants, the Husband vexes; in a word, all things are so much out of order, that Sir Pedagogue preferring his present peace before his future advancement, resolves to carry back this primam mobile of mischief for such he soon discovered him to be, to his own Parent; not being able himself longer to endure the trouble of his veracious contrivances: When the ancient Ser beheld his Son so soon return'd unto him, he said unto the Pedagogue, What, are the seven years expir'd already? Then said the Pedagogue, I well know Sir Knight, that the seven years are not yet expired;

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but so great do I find the capacity of your Son, that should I keep him as my poor gymnasyolum, I should both wrong you, and injure the Youth: Therefore have I restor'd him to you again, that you may provide for him according to his wonderful and most forward genius. The crafty For his Father too well knew the disposition of his young Cub, therefore said he unto the Pedagogue, O no, 'This is not the cause of my Sons so soon return, I fear something worse, and therefore I conjure thee to tell me the truth: Was he not wont to set thee and thy Boys together by the ears? Did he not cause much strife and contention between thee and thy Wife, so that neither thou, nor they, nor she, could rest in quiet for him: To which the Pedagogue made answer, that since he must confess the truth, 'twas even as he had said, and no other wise. At which words of the Pedagogue, the old man shook his head as if he would have shaken his teeth out of his mouth, for he was very sorrowful to hear of the evil courses which his young Son proceeded in.

C H A P. V.

How Sir *Vane* sent his Son to the King's School, and of the tumults which he raised there by his Sorceries; how he plotted with the other Boys to break the Preceptor's neck, and of his Allegory.

SIR Vane having had so ill success with his Son in one place, resolves to send him to another, where he might be more severely look'd after: He had not thought long, but he thought of the Kings School: Now it so came to pass, that at that time there lived there a Giant, who was a very cruel and imperious Dominator over the buttacks of youth, one that spared none, but very grievously and sorely lashed all alike: he was high Sir O beston, whose School was like Kalybs Rock, where you heard nothing all day long, but the screams and rueful groans of children and boys elaborately corrected. Wither the little For came, his Father intending that he should be in this place terrified out of all his designs: But what mortal is able to stop the course of the splendid Sun, who can quell the raging Boars, or change the wilde nature of the roaring Lion? Even

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so impossible was it to dye back the ill nature of this Youth, though it were with pitch-forks : wherefore he went on in his old trade, putting in practise his wonted spells and magical words : the effects whereof did presently appear, for in a little while the Schollars were all in an uproar, some would only study on holy dayes, and play upon working dayes, others would begin at the end of their Books, and read toward the beginning, saying it was the best way, and that the Preceptor was a Dunce. Then because that one of the Preceptors knowing the dangerous consequence of these innovations, strove to oppose them, young Sir Vane contrives with them how to break his neck, and ordered the matter that they should follow the Preceptor to the top of the stairs, and throw him down headlong. But the plot being discovered, he was called to a very strict account. Sirra quoth the Gyant of the Kings School, what fury hath possessed thy over-whelmed mind, proud princock thus to adventure thy feeble contrivances against the violence of my strong arm : The Youth though confounded with the threatening words of the Gyant, durst not deny what he knew was so well known ; and therefore he sought to put it off with an Allegory, for he was full-sore afraid of the Gyant, who had then in his hand a great Tree, which he mannaiges with as much dexterity, as if it had been a Ferula ; Sir Gyant, quoth he, I do deny that ere I advised any person to break the Preceptors neck. How quoth the Gyant, can you deny what is already proved to your face ? Then answered the young Sorcerer, I am not rightly understood, I am perswaded them not to break the substantial neck of the Preceptor, but the invisible neck of his pride. Then quoth the Gyant, Oh Harlet ! hast thou such fine excuses so early for thy mischief, but they shall stand thee in little stead. Then the Gyant caught his breeches to be taken down, and his shirt to be taken up, and with his Tree so nimblely bestirred himself, and laid such vehement blows upon his flesh, that they seemed to shake the Earth. There quoth the Gyant, take the deserved reward of thy treason, and be gone from hence thou wicked and destructive villain, for I will no more endure thee, since I have now broken all charms where-with thou dost intend to have enchanted my Castle.

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CHAP. VI.

How he was sent into *Nova Anglia*, and how he prevailed there also by his Sorceries, how he was thrust out again by the people of that place, and what the Scer *Cotton* said to him at his departure.

After that the Gyant of the Kings School had thus expelled him, he betook himself to the Court, but because he could be pleas'd with nothing, he also took very great distaste at the government of the King, who then reigned in Britain. Therefore he began to give his enchanted Cup about, and many drank thereof and were poysoned, so that there appeared great signs of future contentions and confusions among those of the Court, who were the Kings subjects, by reason of his coming thither; which when his father saw, he greatly feared the inconveniencies which might arise from the sorceries of his Son; wherefore he contrived how he might send him out of the Land. Therefore he devised with the King that he might be sent away unto *Nova Anglia*, as Governour of that place; Now so it was that at that time the people of that Countrey, as most people that are but newly seized in their possessions, lived in great peace and quiet, and served the God of their Country with exceeding unity, but no sooner was Sir Vane come thither, but he caused a wonderful alteration of affaires among the People. He had delivered into his hands all the chief Castles of the Countrey, so that he commanded with a very great controul; Then said Sir Vane unto the people of the Land, is it fit that ye should maintain a company of idle persons here only for talking unto you in your Temples once a week; are not ye your selves able to do as much; yea and more if you would set your selves thereunto, why should you then part with such a considerable share of the sweat of your brows, and that upon so trivial a score: When the people examin'd these things, they seemed very plausible at first, whereupon some of them deny'd to pay the Priest his due, others drew away the people from their Priests, and instructed them in the fields, and their private Houses, having the Temples in great contempt and derision, which when the Priests

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perceiv'd, they were greatly displeas'd, and curs'd the peo-
 then the people curs'd them, so that in a short while their
 vate animosities brake forth into publick rage one against the
 ther. When the Elders of the Land saw the confusion it
 was likely to happen, they resolv'd to remove the cause of this
 mischief; therefore they went to Sir Vane, and sharply re-
 king him, bid him prepare to be gone out of their Countrey
 that they had provided a ship, & a Coach to carry him to the
 Sir Vane who was an errant Coward, durst not deny them
 they plac'd him in a Cart, causing him to sit down on an
 Trunk on that part which is over the Horse; after this, said
 Elders unto the people, this is he that hath caus'd all this
 chief among us; Then the people follow'd him, hoping and
 lowing, not ceasing to throw dirt and stones at him till he
 got into the Ship; The Deer Cotton seeing him departed,
 unto the people, let us now return with joy that this Uper
 left us, for he is the bane of Nations, nor can any greater
 happiness befall a Land than for him to let his foot there. He
 with tears in his eyes, he cry'd out Oh England, England
 for is it that that Ship should perish with the Water, and
 the Mariners, then that that young Man whom thou dost
 should return unto thee again.

CHAP. VII.

How Sir Vane was honoured by the Priest of the Temple
Blind Zeal, and how he was by the said Priest anointed
 Knight of the order of the most *Mysterious Allegories*.

A fter this it came to passe that when the Priest of
 Temple of Blind Zeal heard of the great fame of Sir Vane
 and of the opinions which he held, he thought the time
 till he could come to inter-parley with him. For said he to
 self, our Religion is built upon the bases of anarchy and con-
 fusion, to the establishing of which all the imaginations of
 Mans brains do tend: Therefore the Priest sent unto him
 fellows that were rabby, whose Shoes were tyed with
 thread, and in whose eyes Cuffs were as the abominations of
 Heathen, who calling for the Man of the House, presented
 with this Epistle.

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The Priest of the Order of Blinde Zeal, to the most mischievous of men Sir Vane, high in his imaginations, low in his deserts, and most imperious in his Council.

My Son,

HAVING lately heard of thy great vertues so agreeable with the Heresies which I profess, according to the dictates of that powerful Goddess whose chief Priest I am, I could not choose but send unto thee these two slovenly fellows, partly to confirme thee, and partly to scrape acquaintance with thee. I do find that thou dost imitate *Maomet* very well; and dost endeavour to root up one Religion by letting in another to overpower it. Stay yet but a little while, and I will be with thee and help thee with my exhortations, in the mean time be kind unto those two whom I have sent unto thee, for the one is a Tinker, the other a Currier, but both great Deceivers. Farewel.

When Sir Vane had read this Epistle, he was then also covetous of the acquaintance of the High Priest, and immediately sent for him; when he was come, they discoursed together, and when they had done, they were filled with joy at the sight of each other; For he talked unto the High Priest in most high and mysterious Allegories, saying unto him that Magistracy was the Throne and Seat of the Beast. That the Rulers of the Earth must be brought at last to serve him and his faction; That his people are not to be subject to the Judicials of Moses; That the new Creature is faith, which translates a Man out of the natural into the spiritual body, and is called his new Creature state; That all Ministers that have the Father and the Son, need not run to the Magistrate for Maintenance. That all Ministers that uphold Steeple Houses, were the relics of Popery; That the fall of Adam was onely a type of the instability of fortune. That the Devil is the universal worldly Spirit, exercising dominion and rule under various forms and administrations of government. That Learning and Universities are of dangerous consequences in a well order'd Government.

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When the High Priest heard him speak these things he marvelled very much, and greatly praised him, for that quoth he, if these things were well taught, and well believ'd, they would doubtlesse destroy the religion of the Christians, who are our most mortal enemies. Then did the High Priest bow unto Sir Vane saying to him. Thou art in power; and as thou endeavour'st to do our work, so is it fit that thou should'st receive honour from us. 'Tis true quoth he, thou art a Knight after the order of the Christians, but throw it off, for it will be very injurious unto thee; and take from me a title which shall be more beneficial, and comfort thy self in this that then thou shalt be a better Knight then any in the World. Then did the High Priest ask'd him whether he could fight or no. To which Sir Vane, reply'd that he never could nor never would fight. The High Priest was right glad of this for that he could not performe the office himself by anointing, whereas otherwise he must have been forc'd to have sent for a Marriour on purpose to have dub'd him. Thus the High Priest took leave for the time, telling him that in three days he would return; desiring him in that space to prepare himself for the honour he was to receive. He was to eat nothing but emblematicall pyet, as round cabbages which seem to resemble the Earth, and it's destruction by fire, in that they are to be burn'd before they can be eaten. He was likewise to feed upon Swines flesh, because a Hog was the emblem of ingratitude; he might likewise feed upon Horse flesh, because the Bible spake much of them, and that eating them out of the way was the onely means to keep Men from not putting their trust in them; He might drink bottled Claret by reason of it's emblematicall life and quickness, and he might likewise take Tobacco if his Pipe had this Motto on it, Evanesce ut fumus; but he was forbid to drink Black Wine, because that the Christians us'd it at their Communion.

In the mean while the High Priest, being loath to defile so great a solemnity with any oyle that had been unhallow'd by the touch of the Christians, sent two of his Disciples to cut off a great piece of a certain Whale, which was kill'd a little before in the River of Thamesis, which accident they attributed to the provocation of the Goddesses Blind Zeal, thereof to make a sacred
oyle.

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style of their own, and which they pray'd the Goddess Blind Zeal to allow of for their purpose; This done, after the end of three daies the High Priest return'd to Sir Vane, whom he first question'd concerning the performance of what he had commanded, who whether he had done it or no, so well dissembled his past obedience that the High Priest oft times gave credit unto his saying; Then the High Priest proceeding, it is now Sir Vane, quoth he, that I must cause thee to kneel, that others after this may be bound to kneel to thee; To which when Sir Vane had yielded, he pok'd the Crane Ople upon his Locks, bidding him then to rise up Sir Vane, Knight of the Order of the most mysterious Allegories. Then giving him some few instructions, as that he should be zealous in carrying on the great work of building up Babell, which the God of the Christians had for so long time hindered from being finish'd, and that he should seek nothing but the advancement of confusion and Atheisme, most solemnly he took his leave of Sir Vane, and retired into his Temple, which was situate in that part of the Metropolis of Britain, call'd Colemanstreet.

CHAP. VIII.

How Sir *Lambert* Knight of the Golden Tulep, and Sir *Vane* Knight of the most mysterious Allegories, made a League together.

THE honour done to Sir Vane being greatly noised abroad, and his dexterity in mischief being very well known, Sir Lambert thinking him a fit instrument for the effecting his design, came to him and exceedingly desired his assistance. Then said Sir Vane unto the Knight of the Golden Tulep, I am right glad to see so good a Knight at my Castle. Know then, Sir Lambert, that I have alwayes bare you a very great love, neither is there any Knight in Brittain whom I honour like unto your self, I know right well that thou dost far exceed in feats of Armes, and that I am right craftier in counsell: wherefore then should we suffer the Meek Knight to be chief Soldan over us, who is not at all like unto thee for Chivalry? Why do we not revenge on him the injuries done us by his Father? When

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Sir Lambert heard this, he wared greatly in wrath with the Meek Knight, and sware by his sturdy steed Snorter, that he would not cease till he had pulled the Soldan out of his Palace by the ears, so that he might have the advice of the Knight of the most Mysterious Allegories. Then Sir Vane promised to assist Sir Lambert all that he might, on condition that he should be the next in dignity to him when he was chief Soldan. Then Sir Lambert swore unto Sir Vane by all the souls of his Ancestors, that so it should be; And moreover, quoth Sir Lambert, in token of this friendship between us, I freely give the Fair Maid of Wimbleton my Daughter, unto thy eldest Son, so well known by the name of the Over-grown Childe; and know right well Sir Vane that she is a right comely Dame, and one for whom many a sturdier Knight than he would be content to try the Harpness of their blood thirsty lances. She shall have for her Dowry my Palace of Wimbleton, once the Dowry of a Queen, and if my sword fail me not, I may chance to make her chief Soldanels of Britain. When Sir Vane heard this, he looked full securely upon Sir Lambert; Then they clipped and hugged one another, and sware to be as true to one anothers interest, as the Cripples of the Forrest of Covent-Garden are to one another in concealing the Rogueries which they commit.

CHAP. IX.

How the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*, and the Knight of the *Mysterious Allegories*, came to the Castle of Sir Fleetwood the contemptible Knight, where they met with the grim Giant *Desborough*, and how they went all three and pulled the *Meek Knight*, who was then chief Soldan, out of his place by night.

Sir Lambert seeing now fortune begin again to cast her smothered smiles upon him, resolved to make use of her while she was in a good humour, wherefore he shewed great willingness to Sir Vane to go on in his intended designe. Then said Sir Vane, why should our delay be any hindrance unto us. Let us incontinently goe unto Sir Fleetwood the contemptible Knight.

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Knight, who hath great power over the Soldan's forces, I know right well that I can with ease cause him to do whatever I list, for that his understanding is exceeding shallow, and we will make him to believe that he shall be chief Soldan, on condition that he will help us for to depose the Meek Knight. Sir Lambert was right glad of this advice, so they rode on toward the Forrest of Saint Iames, neer unto which stood the Castle of the contemptible Knight. They were no sooner come to the Gate, but they were conducted by gentle Scamford, (who was chief Squire to Sir Fleetwood) up unto his Masters lodging. Then said Sir Vane unto the Contemptible Knight, rouse up thy self thou Man of courage, and let us not be in bondage unto the Meek Knight, who is young and hath not understanding and wisdom sufficing for so great an employment. Hast thou not been in all the Soldans Warres? Think then how treacherously the Soldan hath dealt with thee, in preferring the Meek Knight his Son before thee. 'Tis true, then answered Sir Fleetwood, that it is the desire of my heart to make my self chief Soldan, but there are so many valorous Knights that will oppose me, that I fear much to undertake the enterprize. Then said Sir Lambert, I know right well Sir Fleetwood, that without force we can little avail; but of that I make no question, knowing the great honour and reverence which the Host of the Soldan beareth to me. Moreover I have told many of them that which I intend, and they are resolved with me to live and dye. Then said Sir Fleetwood right cunningly, since that you Sir Lambert can prevail so much by your own power, let not me interpose my weak force to insure the same of so worthy a Knight. But Sir Lambert who was as cunning as he, reply'd that he would not adventure without him, that as he was chief in power, he should be chief in the undertaking. Alas Sir Fleetwood, quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, think you that I am arriv'd here to rob so hardy a Knight as you are of your prize; No Sir Fleetwood, for I only come at the request of the good Knight Sir Vane to proffer my assistance, which if you shall not think fit to receive, I am ready to retire, for that there be other Forrests and Castles to seek adventures in besides those which are in this Countrey. Sir Fleetwood was right glad of

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When the High Priest heard him speak these things he marvelled very much, and greatly praised him, for that quoth he, if these things were well taught, and well belien'd, they would doubtlesse destroy the religion of the Christians, who are our most mortal enemies. Then did the High Priest bow unto Sir Vane saying to him. Thou art in power; and as thou endeavour'st to do our work, so is it fit that thou should'st receive honour from us. 'Tis true quoth he, thou art a Knight after the order of the Christians, but throw it off, for it will be very injurious unto thee; and take from me a title which shall be more beneficial, and comfort thy self in this that then thou shalt be a better Knight then any in the World. Then did the High Priest ask'd him whether he could fight or no. To which Sir Vane, reply'd that he never could nor never would fight. The High Priest was right glad of this for that he could now performe the office himself by anointing, whereas otherwise he must have been forc'd to have sent for a Warriour on purpose to have du'd him. Thus the High Priest took leave for the time, telling him that in three days he would return; desiring him in that space to prepare himself for the honour he was to receive. He was to eat nothing but emblematicall vyet, as round cabbages which seem to resemble the Earth, and it's destruction by fire, in that they are to be burn'd before they can be eaten. He was likewise to feed upon Swines flesh, because a Hog was the emblem of ingratitude; he might likewise feed upon Horse flesh, because the Bible spake much of them, and that eating them out of the way was the onely means to keep Men from not putting their trust in them; He might drink bottled Claret by reason of it's emblematicall life and quickness, and he might likewise take Tobacco if his Pipe had this Motto on it, Evanesce ut fumus; but he was forbid to drink Greek Wine, because that the Christians us'd it at their Communions.

In the mean while the High Priest, being loath to defile so great a solemnity with any oyle that had been unhallow'd by the touch of the Christians, sent two of his Disciples to cut off a great piece of a certain Whale, which was kil'd a little before in the River of Thamesis, which accident they attributed to the provision of the Goddess Blind Zeal, thereof to make a sacred
oyle

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us, or I will take the such a blow on the pate, that I will make thy head ring again, and send thee to the infernal shades, there to make vain complaints to Pluto of thy misfortunes, with that the Giant Desborough heaved up his weighty instrument of death, on purpose to have given him such a blow as should have rent the foundations of his noddle. The Meek Knight was astonied at the sight, and stood for a while as one that were dumb, but seeing the danger that his brains were in, he fell on his knees before the Giant Desborough, beseeching him in gentle courtesie to distressed Knights, that he would spare his life, and he would submit to whatever the Giant should command: Hereupon they strik'd him of his apparel, and attired him in simple and base array, his armes that were lately employ'd to wield the mighty Scepter, they now strongly fetter'd up in Iron bolts, and so convey'd him to a desolate Dungeon, which belonged unto his own Palace, where he had nothing to do, but to make these sad Lamentations.

Or cruel destinies, why is this grievous punishment allotted to my penance; have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head, shall I never recover my former liberty, that I may be revenged one way or other upon the causers of my imprisonment; May the Plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Counties, and the miseries of Oedipus on their Tenants, that they may be eye-witnesses of their daughters ravishment; and behold their Mansion houses flaming like the burning battlements of Troy. Thus lamented be the losse of his liberty accursing his birth day, and the hour of his creation: his sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the Water-bubbles in a rainy day, in which condition we shall leave him, and go to talk of something else.

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Sir Lambert heard this, he wared greatly in wrath with the Meek Knight, and sware by his sturpy steed Snorter, that he would not cease till he had pulled the Soldan out of his Palace by the ears, so that he might have the advice of the Knight of the most Mysterious Allegories. Then Sir Vane promised to assist Sir Lambert all that he might, on condition that he should be the next in dignity to him when he was chief Soldan. Then Sir Lambert swoze unto Sir Vane by all the souls of his Ancestors, that so it should be; And moreover, quoth Sir Lambert, in token of this friendship between us, I freely give the Fair Maid of Wimbleton my Daughter, unto thy eldest Son, so well known by the name of the Over-grown Childe; and know right well Sir Vane that she is a right comely Dame, and one for whom many a sturdier Knight than he would be content to try the sharpness of their blood thirsty lances. She shall have for her Dowry my Palace of Wimbleton, once the Dowry of a Queen, and if my sword fail me not, I may chance to make her chief Soldaness of Britain. When Sir Vane heard this he looked full scornfully upon Sir Lambert; Then they clipped and hugged one another, and sware to be as true to one anothers interest, as the Cripples of the Forrest of Covent-Garden are to one another in concealing the Rogueries which they commit.

CHAP. I X.

How the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*, and the Knight of the *Mysterious Allegories*, came to the Castle of Sir *Fleetwood* the contemptible Knight, where they met with the grim Gyan *Desborough*, and how they went all three and pulled the *Meek Knight*, who was then chief Soldan, out of his place by night.

Sir Lambert seeing now fortune begin again to cast her smothered smiles upon him, resolved to make use of her while she was in a good humour, wherefore he shewed great willingness to Sir Vane to go on in his intended designe. Then said Sir Vane, why should our delay be any hindrance unto us. Let us incontinently goe unto Sir *Fleetwood* the contemptible Knight

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Knight, who hath great power over the Soldan's Forces, I know right well that I can with ease cause him to do whatever I list, for that his understanding is exceeding shallow, and we will make him to believe that he shall be chief Soldan, on condition that he will help us for to depose the Meek Knight. Sir Lambert was right glad of this advice, so they rode on toward the Forrest of Saint Iames, neer unto which stood the Castle of the contemptible Knight. They were no sower come to the Gate, but they were conducted by gentle Stamford, (who was chief Squire to Sir Fleetwood) up unto his Masters lodging. Then said Sir Vane unto the Contemptible Knight, rouse up thy self thou Man of courage, and let us not be in bondage unto the Meek Knight, who is young and hath not understanding and wisdom sufficing for so great an employment. Hast thou not been in all the Soldans Marres? Think then how treacherously the Soldan hath dealt with thee, in preferring the Meek Knight his Son before thee. 'Tis true, then answered Sir Fleetwood, that it is the desire of my heart to make my self chief Soldan, but there are so many valorous Knights that will oppose me, that I fear much to undertake the enterprize. Then said Sir Lambert, I know right well Sir Fleetwood, that without force we can little avail; but of that I make no question, knowing the great honour and reverence which the Post of the Soldan beareth to me. Moreover I have told many of them that which I intend, and they are resolved with me to live and dye. Then said Sir Fleetwood right cunningly, since that you Sir Lambert can prevail so much by your own power, let not me interpose my weak force to insure the same of so worthy a Knight. But Sir Lambert who was as cunning as he, reply'd that he would not adventure without him, that as he was chief in power, he should be chief in the undertaking. Alas Sir Fleetwood, quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, think you that I am arriv'd here to rob so hardy a Knight as you are of your prize; No Sir Fleetwood, for I only come at the request of the good Knight Sir Vane to proffer my assistance, which if you shall not think fit to receive, I am ready to retire, for that there be other Forrests and Castles to seek adventures in besides those which are in this Countrey. Sir Fleetwood was right glad of

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How Sir *Vane's* Son idelped (the over-grown Childe) courted the fair Maid of *Wimbleton*, and of the gown which she bestowed, and how 5000. Jewellers wrought day and night to finish it.

LEave we now to speak of the Meek Knight, and return to relate what happen'd between the Son of Sir *Vane*, idelped the overgrown Childe, and the fair Maid of *Wimbleton* whom partly in pursuance of his Fathers commands, partly out of an eager desire he had to be doing, he did very hotly pursue in the way of love, and so forth. Sir *Vane* was very glad of the match, hoping thereby, that after the death of the Knight of the Golden Tulip, his Son might come to be chief Soldan; And Sir *Lambert* lik'd it, knowing that well he could not come to be Soldan himself without his friendship and assistance; which he had no other way to make sure to himself, but by so near an alliance between their families. Therefore when the overgrown Childe had dyessed himself as fine as any sippence, he called straightway for his Fathers Chariot, and bid the Charioter drive unto the Palace of Sir *Lambert*: When he came unto the Gate, the Porter off-sones opened the Gate, that he might have entrance; Then was he straightway beheld by one of the Pages to the Fair Maid, who with great reverence met him and conducted him to the chamber where his Lady did repose herself: When the over-grown Childe came into the room, he was exceedingly amazed to behold the beauty of his Distresse, that he remained dumb for a great space. While he stood in that posture, his backside being ashamed that his mouth should be silent, open'd it self, and with one single monosyllable did alarm the company, that it is thought that the fair Maid *Wimbleton* would have been very angry, had he come onely as ordinary Suttoy. Some say the over-grown Childe did this unaware, but others more probably affirm, that he had a double end in it, either because he saw himself in such an amaze, make his Distresse amaz'd at him as well as he was at her, or else hoping that the good nature of his Lady might cause her to bl

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for his miscarriage, whereby he might have an opportunity to see the full blown roses of her cheeks; but as soon as he was recovered of his extasie, he began to bethink himself of saying something that might be acceptable unto the fair Lady, whom he so admired: Most divine and peerless Paragon, quoth he, Thou only wonder of the World for beauty, and excellent parts of nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more bright then the stars of Heaven, being the true darts of love, have pierced my heart, and those thy crimson cheeks as lovely as Aurora's countenance have wounded me with love. Therefore except thou grant me kind comfort, I am like to spend the rest of my dayes in sorrow, care, and discontent. To this the Fair Maid of Wimbleton reply'd, that she return'd him many thanks for the courteous proffer of his affection. Gentle Sir, quoth she, seeing that it is the will of my Father, that we two should lye together in one bed, let not his will be resisted, but let us enjoy one another as soon as we can, for often hath my Nurse spoken proverbially unto me, saying, happy is that wiving which is not long a being. When it was known that the two parties had got one the others affection, the Bonafires blaze, the Bells rang, and Sir Lambert and Sir Vane were both drunk that night for joy. Then were there great preparations for the solemnization of these most Royal Nuptials, but that which surpassed all, was the Gown in which she was to appear when she was to go unto the Temple; indeed so great was the rarity of it, that it requires a golden Pen to write it; and a tongue washt in the conservatives of the Hules honey, to declare it; for it was to be made of Diamonds, set in Rings of Barbary Gold. The toyle was great, so that it required a multitude of Artificers to accomplish the same; therefore they sought far and near for Men of Art, and in a short space they got together, to the number of five thousand, who wrought day and night in their severall employments to carry on the great work. These Diamonds were all enchanted by Magick Art, and the vertues of them were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: For therein one might behold the secret mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by art discover what was practised in the Courts of other Princes; If any Will within a thousand miles of the place

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were

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to prove as good a Knight as thy self; When Sir Lambert receiv'd the challenge, he said no more to the Squire, but only bad him to take notice of the colour of his Horse, and of his Burgonet. Then the Squire rode away, and Sir Lambert press'd forward toward the Dangerous Bridge, to encounter the Christians; Then there began a sharp conflict betwixt the Christians and the Pagans; wherein for a while the Christians behaved themselves with great confidence and prowess. For the Swinheard beholding the Horse and Burgonet that his Squire had describ'd unto him, with great courage spur'd on his faithful steed, (which was a most remarkable one, for that it was a Horse that had but lately belong'd to the Knight of th' enchanted Mill) and without giving him the least notice of what he intended, he struck him so terrible a blow upon the visor of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof, he made sparkles of fire to issue out in great abundance, and forc'd him to bow his head unto his breast; but Sir Lambert soon return'd unto him his salutation, and struck the Swinheard such a desperate blow on the top of the Helmet, that the great noise thereof made a sound in all the mountains; and so began betwixt them a most marvellous and fearful battel; for now Sir Lambert and the Swinheard; thought no other thing; but how to overthrow each other, striking each at other such terrible blows, as many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the force of one another, were more violently incens'd with angry. At length the Swinheard gave Sir Lambert such a terrible blow, that if it had hit right upon him, it would have cloven his head in pieces, but with great discretion Sir Lambert cleared himself thereof, so that it was stricken in vain, so that with great lightness he retired and struck the Swinheard so furiously, that he fell quite astonished to the Earth, without any feeling, then might you soon perceive by the abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth, and through the visor of his Helmet that the Swinheard was now ready to breathe his last. Sir Lambert having thus overthrow'n the Swinheard, with great eagerness pursu'd the Christians, who being overpowered by the numbers of the Pagans, thought it safer to commit themselves to the protection of by-paths, and ways unknown to the enemy, rather then to yield to the cru-

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erty of the merciless Pagans. When Sir Lambert had obtained this victory, he caus'd it to be spread far and near, making it ten times as great as indeed it was, and he wrote unto the forty Tyrants to give them notice thereof, who thereupon honour'd him as a God, and sent him presents of gold, and precious stones; but he cared not for the forty Tyrants, nor for their presents neither, but gave them unto his Souldiers, who admired him for his courtesie; for he thought that because he had overcome this small handful of the Christians, that he was now able to overcome all the World: However as then he held fair correspondence with the forty Tyrants, because he was at a far distance from them, and for that he could not do any thing farther, till he had consulted with Sir Vane, how far he might presume upon his new successe.

C H A P. X I I.

How Sir Lambert returned to the good City of London; and of the Feast which Sir Vane made him, and how they consulted to put down the forty Tyrants.

After this battel Sir Lambert returned with great joy and triumph to the good City of London, where he was expected with much earnestness by Sir Vane, the Grant Desborough, and Sir Floorwood the Contemptible Knight. When Sir Vane heard that Sir Lambert was returning, he was right glad, and resolv'd forthwith to go and meet him, and conduct him to the City. Et fornes therefore he called his dwarfe to bring him his palfrey, and being mounted, he took on his journey. He was clad in a flame coloured Suit of Neapolitan silk, which was partly emblematical, partly for instruction; emblematical, in regard it signified his zeal to what he undertook; and as to instruction, it shew'd us, that though the silk came from Naples, an abominable and sinful City, yet that a Man was never the worse for wearing it, so that he did it upon an enigmatical scope. His Hat was likewise of a strange fashion, for behind it hung down on his back with a long flappet to keep off the rain; but before it had no brim at all, to shew that a Man ought to put away all things that binder him from looking to-

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words the heavens. On his Shield was pictur'd Fortune stand-
 ing on a Rock, with this inscription underneath; She is thus
 mine: In this mysterious garb he came into the Forrest of
 Barner, where when he saw Sir Lambert, he alighted from his
 Palfrey, and Sir Lambert did the like, and then they embra-
 ced one another most lovingly, quoth Sir Vane, I am right
 glad Sir Lambert of this your safe and happy return, and for
 the great victory which you have won, whereby you are now
 esteem'd one of the most worthy *Champions* of *Europe*, and right
 well I know that you have done your part, and that now it
 remains for me to do mine; therefore let us proceed on our
 journey; and if I do not play the Fox as well as you have play'd
 the Lyon, let me be deprived of my Knighthood, which I hold
 the greatest honour which I have in the World. For you must
 know, that although Sir Lambert were indeed as right cunning
 a Knave as Sir Vane, yet in counsel Sir Vane would never
 give him the superiority, though at knocks he alwayes let him
 go before him. Sir Lambert submitted with all gentlenesse un-
 to the speech of Sir Vane, and so they came together unto the
 good City of London; When they passed through the Town,
 the people of the City were all very sad, and in great perplexity,
 for they cared not at all for Sir Lambert, nor for his successe,
 but wished with all their hearts that he had been slain by the
 Swinehead of Maxfield. But they on the other side, who had no
 reason to be in such heavy plight, made great joyrings a-
 mong themselves, feasting and banquetting one another in most
 ample manner; but the banquet which Sir Vane made exceeded
 all the rest, not so much for the riches, as for the strangeness
 thereof, for he made use not onely of the meats and drinks of
 the Christians, but of those also of the Heathen; as Pillaw and
 Sherbet, intimating thereby, that as he made use of all sorts of
 dyet to sustain nature, so Sir Lambert ought to make use of all
 sorts of interests to make himself great. When they had ended
 their feasting; Sir Vane and Sir Lambert retired into a private
 roome, there to take counsel concerning their affairs. Sir Lam-
 bert disclosed then unto Sir Vane all that was hidde in his
 brest, of his desire to make himself Soldan, and his intention to
 put down the Forty Tyrants; but withal he discover'd his fear

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to attempt such an enterprise which would be so dangerous if not accomplish'd. But Sir Vane, who out of his cowardly nature lov'd to keep himself out of all peril, but cared not upon what dangers he put others, reply'd, 'That Sir Lambert had no cause at all to be surpris'd; for that the forty Tyrants were still beloved of the people, and he well beloved of all the old Soldiers Host. That the Count Desborough, and Sir Fleetwood the Conquerable Knight, were sure to him, To which Sir Lambert answer'd, That 'twas true, that he thought he could with much ease put down the forty Tyrants, but what must we do then? cries he: To which Sir Vane reply'd, Leave that to me, I have a plot in my head; and the more to encourage Sir Lambert, he repeated to him a certain Prophecy, the which ran in these words.

The Prophecy.

When the dead shall awake to join themselves with the living, then shall valour be at her height, and beauty in the supremest point of her glory.

This prophecy, know right well Sir Lambert, so said Sir Vane, can concern no person living but thy self, as I shall show thee by the easie exposition thereof, which flows without any force from the words.

When the dead shall come to join themselves with the living, that is; when we who in the time of the Soldier were dead as to the affairs of this World, shall come to join our selves with the living; that is, with the Count Desborough, and Sir Fleetwood, who were in great authority while the Soldier was in being; then shall valour be at her height, that is, then shall your self who art right valourous, be Soldier; and beauty be in the supremest point of her glory; as much as to say, your passing beautiful Lady shall be Soldanesse. When Sir Lambert heard this, he took up a new resolution, and resolv'd to venture what ere came of it. Then said Sir Lambert to the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, Sir Vane thy wisdom is to be extoll'd, and thy words to be priz'd above fine Gold. Wherefore let us as soon as we have smoked out our pipes, go and talk.

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talk with Sir Fleerwood, and my cozen the Count Desborough concerning it; for if they'l but joyn with us, I'll go presently about my work.

CHAP. VIII.

How don *Hazlerigo* the Knight with the hot head, being one of the forty Tyrants, suspected the intention of Sir *Lambert*, and how he would have had *Scoto* the *Negromancer* have enchanted him, and put him into his Castle at *Lambetho*, and how he cut his Dwarf for playing at Span-Farthing.

SIR Lambert being now full of hopes, and greatly swelled with the prophesy which Sir Vane had told him of, he began now to be very active in the prosecution of his design; But when he saw that the two Counts yelesed Creed and Berry were come to joyn with him, and that Sir Lilburn the degraded Viceroy was also come in unto his party, he eftsloones resolved by the advice of Sir Vane, to make known some of his desires to the Forty Tyrants. When the Forty Tyrants read them, they liked them not at all, but were highly provoked, especially Don Hazlerigo the Knight with the hot head, who being the most passionate Person in the World, fell into such a rage, that many of the Forty Tyrants themselves, though they knew his kindnesse to them, did greatly tremble thereat. Quoth he, how dares this Pyncock thus presume; am not I the wisest, and the most valorous Knight that ever Oceana brought forth, how happeneth it then that the Gods permit this contest between us? Have they no Thunderbolts to lend me, that I may nail this bold audacious Traytor to the Earth? Then turning to the Forty Tyrants, am nat I above ye all, quoth he, why do ye then not do what I command? Let there be a great Caldron fetch'd, and let this presumptuous Traytor be boyled therein, and when he is boyl'd, he is boyl'd, and there will be an end of him. Hereupon one of the Forty Tyrants said that Don Hazlerigo had spoken like a right worthy Cavalier; and if all men were of his mind; there wanted nothing but a Caldron. Don Hazlerigo reply'd, that he had one at home wherein his damself did boyl soul cloathes, and Dre-Livers for his meanger Ser.

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Servants, and thereupon he called his Dwarf to fetch it; but the Dwarf not answering to the call, Don Hazlerigo in great fury went forth to seek him. Oh the sad disastrous fate of the unfortunate Dwarf! For Don Hazlerigo no sooner sought for him, but he beheld him playing at Span-farthing in the Yard belonging to the Palace of Westminster. O are you there, quoth Don Hazlerigo in great despite, I'll be with you ere-soones. He was no sooner nêr him, but he reach'd the Dwarf such a cuffe on the ear, that you might have heard the blow crosse the River of Thamesis unto the Temple of Saint Maryovers, crying out in great rage, fetch me the huge Caldron, strâh: the Dwarf who neither knew the meaning of his words, nor of his blowes, was in a great amaze, but at length recollecting himself, quoth he, am not I as good a Squire as he that belonged unto the Baron of Stamfordia: yet he beat the famous Don Hazlerigo, why may not I: with that he laid his truncheon on the breast of Don Hazlerigo, with such a force, that he was scarce able to keep himself from falling backward. Don Hazlerigo having thus miss'd of the Caldron, returns again with as much haste as he could (for the Dwarf had pursu'd him) unto the Forty Tyrants, with whom he saw it was much safer to converse then with his Dwarf. He tum'd, and they star'd, he roared, and they were astonish'd, he could not speak for anger, neither durst they speak to him seeing him so angry, Yet they could not chuse but ask him where the Caldron was: to which after much stamping and staring, he reply'd, that he had found out another sort of punishment which he esteem'd far better. Then turning himself to Scoto the Negromancer, he thus revil'd him. Where are all thy charmes nocturnal Scoto, have all thy spirits forsaken thee, hast thou now no power over the great Belzebub, who is also ycleped Lucifer, to what end hast thou thy enchanted Castle at Lambetho, if thou makest no use thereof: awake great Scoto from thy dreaming trance, and raise a troop of infernal stenas to shelter thee from the ruine that will else befall thee: When Scoto heard Don Hazlerigo say thus, quoth he, Right valiant Knight if thou wilt bring Sir Lambert unto me, that my charmes may lay hold of him; I will put him in my Castle of Lambetho, from whence it shall

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'he in the power of no Knight to free him, but at present I cannot prevail, for that the spirits which belong to Sir Vane the Sorcerer, are as strong to defend him, as mine are to do him annoyance: Yet is there one way left, and that is for thee to take with thee some three or four other Knights like thy self, then must you be sure to lay hold on him at such a time when he hath nothing on him but his shirt, for then he shall not be able to resist the charms which are laid upon him, so that we shall have our wills of him to do what we please with him. When Don Hazkerigo heard this, he vanish immediately from the Forty Tyrants, telling them what strange exploits he would ere he came back.

C H A P. I X.

How Sir Lambert put down the Forty Tyrants, and how he and the Baron of Suffex justed together.

When Sir Lambert heard of the intention of Don Hazkerigo, and the rest of the Forty Tyrants, and of their cruel plot which was to have him tomorrow to death, he wared great in wrath, and caused the muster rolls to be numbr'd of those that were resolved to stand by him, and when he saw himself strong enough to deal with the forty Tyrants, he went into the Chamber of Council, where he found Sir Vane, the Count Desborough, Sir Berry the Knight of the Colepe, the Count Creed, the Contemptible Knight, and the Count Hucornis called also Polyphem, to whom he spake in these words.

Right worthy Champions,

YEE know right well that I am not apt to seek than by force which I could obtain by fair means. How I am injured by the forty Tyrants you understand, neither am I ignorant how yee are all affronted for my sake, should I therefore now forsake you, I should be a greater Traytor to you my friends than to my self; but since it is so, I vow never to sleep in bed of down, nor to unbuckle my Shield from my weary armes, till I have quelled your foes, and given you full power over your enemies.

These

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These heroical speeches were no sooner finish'd, but the Champions arming themselves with approved Coxlets, and taking unto them their trusty Swords, told him how ready they were to follow him in any undertaking.

Now has Aurora chas'd away the all to be spangled darkness, when is Sir Lambert, intending to do by the forty Tyrants as Aurora had done before by the black brow'd Night, assembles his forces together; and pitches his tent close by the palace of the forty Tyrants. But they having notice of his coming, mustered their powers also together, and sent them against Sir Lambert under the command of a right balliant Knight call'd the Baron of Sussex; and now they stood opposite each to other within the reach of the dismal Gun; It was thought that these engines would have by and by breathed out their fury in flames of fire; and have sent their leaden messengers to scare up the veins of mortals, and dam up the passages of life, but Sir Lambert, who was as valiant as he was cunning, and as cunning as he was valiant, and so either both valiant and cunning, or else neither cunning nor valiant, was loath to fight, for he fear'd the party which was for the lawful King of Britain, lest they whilst he was combatting against the forty Tyrants, should come and take the power from them both: wherefore he would not engage, but sought all other means to suppress the forty Tyrants, that he could. Now as he was rising about, he met the chief of the forty Tyrants, who was the Knight of the gilt Mace; whom they had made General of the forces of Sir Lambert, coming to the assistance of the forty Tyrants, and all the way he came, he cry'd to the Soldiers of Sir Lambert, that they should desert Sir Lambert, and yield obedience to him, who was their Chieftain. But Sir Lambert, intolling that the Soldiers should hear with that cry, lights off his Horse, takes up a great blackbat, and sings it full at the head of the Knight of the Gilt Mace, and but for the timely of a kind fate, had dash't out Sir Lambert's brain; and then taking the Doves by their wings, and throwing them into the Chancel, and all that were in it, quite out of the City of Westminster, as you would think a bellring should have done, and crying out, *God bless the King!* and *God bless the King!* for what would they have done not

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discharge out of their Guns, they discharg'd out of their mouths, calling one another Doggs, Beggers, and Sons of Whores; and that their hands might be in action likewise, they threw at one another, Hand grenades, the which according to a new invention among Shouldiers, were made of the tops of Turneps, bound together with a With; While the two fierce Armies stood looking so grimly each on the other, Scoto the Magromancer was gotten privately into a high Tower built on the top of the West end of the Temple of Westminsterium; that when the combat did begin he might assist the forces of the Baron of Suffex by his Magick spells.

Now quoth he is the battel surely begun, for me thinks I hear the Baron of Suffex cry for help; now is the time that my charming spells must work Sir Lambert's overthrow; which being said, thrice he kiss'd the floor of the said Tower, and thrice bespangled the Circle with his own blood, which with a silver razor he let out from his left arme, and after that he began to speak in this manner. Stand still ye wandring Lamps of heaven, move not sweet Stars till Scoto's charmes be brought to full effect. O thou great Demon, Prince of the damned Spirits, thou chief Commander of these gaily shap'd that lightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest a usaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning steel, even thou whose eyes are like Sawcers, and who toss'st burning fire brands abroad like Tennis balls. I charge thee to open thy brazen gates, and send forth thy Legions of infernal fiends, for that of them I now do stand in great need. Bezebub being so sorely charg'd, took the pains not onely to ascend to the Earth, but to go up also to the top of the Tower, to receive the commands of Scoto the Magromancer, who long'd for the encounter that he might set him on work; But the Devil having staid till night, and seeing nothing for him to do, was so sorely enraged against Scoto, that he took him by the Legs, intending to have thrown him from the top of the Tower; but afterwards he thinking with himself that he should lose a good servant, and that he should loose the story, for that it was never heard in any Romance that any Magromancer was ever punish'd, till some Knight had ended his enchantments, he let Scoto on his legs.

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lance, and in great fury slung down to hell again. For to tell the truth, there was no combat of note all that day, excepting between the Baron of Sussex and Sir Lambert; for Sir Lambert knowing that he was well belov'd by the Soldiers belonging to the Baron of Sussex, was resolv'd to goe and speak to them, thinking by fair speeches to win them to his side; when the Baron saw him, he was likewise resolv'd to hinder him, whereupon they prepared to the career, but they onely brake their Launces in the first encounter; whereupon the Baron drew his sword, but Sir Lambert entreated him to just once more; most willingly reply'd the Baron, then meeting together, Sir Lambert's Horse was almost down, for the Horse that he rode on all that day was none of the best, and the Baron likewise lost one of his stirrups, being glad to catch hold by the maine of his Horse: Sir Lambert having more mind to be chief Soldan, then to be bastinadoed, seeing the Baron maintain the fight so equally against him, took his leave, telling the Baron he should take another time to bequit with him. But the forty Tyrants seeing no hope of relief, and that they were unequal in power to Sir Lambert, were content to submit unto him, which they did accordingly, giving him possession of the Palace, and of all that was therein, causing the Baron of Sussex to draw off his forces; which done, Sir Lambert went home with much glee and content, supp'd quietly, and lay with his Sultanesse in most pleasant wise.

CHAP. XV.

How Sir Lambert, and Sir Vane being Pagans, went about to set up the worship of their Heathen Idols; and how they intended to have altered the Laws and Government of Britain.

When Sir Lambert had thus by his power put down the forty Tyrants, Sir Vane, and he doubted not now to carry all before them; therefore they fell into consideration how they might secure to themselves the chief palace, which they had got into their own hands as well as they could: Sir Vane was of an opinion, that seeing it was their intent to erect

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a new Empire, they ought to change the Religion of the Country, and to make a new one as near the humour as they could, of these people whom they saw adhering to them upon the hopes of such an alteration, and already inclin'd to such a change as might well agree with their interest. First and foremost therefore, knowing that they must take asunder what was already established, before they could put their own together, they resolv'd to abolish wholly the Religion of the Christians, for that it was so opposite to what they intended, that it was impossible for them to let the least tittle thereof remain: And because it is no hard matter to beware by other mens harms, seeing that the too much pretending to knowledge among the vulgar Christians (It being dangerous for any person to have more knowledge than he is able to manage) had been the cause of their confusion; they resolv'd to reform that error, and to take from the people all means of diving into hidden things, to which end they had order'd that all Schooles of learning should be taken away; and so far they were from having any teachers among the people, that they order'd it should be death for any one to teach his children the primer: Yet because they knew that the awe of a Deity was very necessary, though never so airy and notional, Sir Lambert being now chief Soldier, caus'd Proclamation to be made, whereby the God of the Christians was depos'd, and eight other deities erected in his room: Four of these deities were of the feminine gender, and four of the neuter: Of the female deities, two were Latine, Deslinia, and Ignorancia. One Italian, La Potta del Papa Giovanna; and the fourth French, Fourre du diable; Of the male deities one was Latine, Summum Imperium. One Spanish, Puercio del Paraiso; The third Italian, Cazzo nel culo; and the last of Scotch extraction call'd the Piper of Kilbarchen; and he further proclaimed that his subjects should attribute divine worship unto these, and that these only should be ador'd as the only and most supreme Gods; powers over the Earth, as to future expectations Sir Vane took it all from Mahomet, changing little or nothing; having thus settled religion, they proceed to settle the civil government. Sir Lambert said that he did not like the former, and therefore would have new one; but Sir Vane said that was all together

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together unnecessary as yet to have any at all, for that necessity would compel their party to be yet a while unanimous and following one to another; and if the Christians had any laws to stop to, it would hinder their party for destroying those their enemies, which was to be done no other way, but by giving their party leave to practice all manner of tyrannies and violencies over them.

Yet one law Sir Vane liked well that it should be made; which was a law against the imposing of Barrel Fines, lest thereby the Christians should learn Unity, seeing things of the same nature stick so close together. Then in imitation of Joshua who drove out the Canaanites there out of the Land to give his people a full possession thereof, they intended to have destroyed all the old inhabitants of Britain, both Nobles, Gentry and Peasants, by making their own party Lords over them, who were all of a new race, as being the Sons of the Earth, and such therefore whom no ties of consanguinity had interest to make them in the least wise merciful. When these things were dividing among the Christians, there was a famous dispute among them, that went to Sir Vane to reason the case with him: Quoth he unto him, it is a very dangerous thing to alter the Religion, and take away the Laws of a Nation. Sir Vane replies, that as to the alteration of Religion, it was a thing which they thought convenient, and therefore since they had the power in their hands, they were resolv'd to do it; and as for taking away the Laws, he thought 'twas very well done also; for that was the difference between thieves and honest men. Thieves indeed were necessitated to make Laws among themselves, and to make them; but honest men, said he, such as we and our party, have no need thereof; for that we are no thieves, but robbers; and if we do possess other Mens goods it is because we have might thereunto, being so many in the Earth: Alas quoth Sir Vane, Laws are the gloves of the soul, and therefore those who would be countenanced, ought to live without arms: for if it be a mark of slavery to have the legs or hands bound, certain it is a sign of far greater subjection to suffer the mind to be in fetters. When the ancient Sir heard these arguments he was convinc'd, not by the strength of

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Sir Vane's reason, but because he saw it was in vain to contend with an unreasonable strength; and therefore with great sorrow for the affliction which he saw was like to fall upon the Christians, he took his leave of the Knight of the mysterious Allegories and departed.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Christians rebell'd against Sir *Lambert*, and how he march'd against them into the North, and what happen'd thereupon.

THE Christians were now in a sad condition, for that the Heathens having now'd their destruction, went about to put in practise all those designs which they could think on for the effecting of their purpose. But they had one Champion yet alive, who was hight Sir George, who was the most worthy Champion that ever the Brittaines had. Who seeing the destruction that was like to fall upon the Christians, resolv'd to oppose himself in their defence; whereupon Sir Lambert sent defiance unto the Loyal Knight, telling him that he would shortly meet him in the Plains of Northimbria. But before he went, he consulted with the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, how he might secure unto him the Metropolis of Brittain, which he was now going to leave behind him, and what persons he might entrust for to mannage his great affairs in his absence. Whereupon they agreed to constitute several Sher's of the Square-Gable, which being assembled together, should have the name of a Councel of Safety. Now that they might not crosse the proverb, as they were to have new Laws; so they resolv'd to make new Lords. And indeed Sir Vane, who was also together for Allegories, told Sir Lambert, that there were no men fitter then those from whose trade or occupation he might draw some allusion, that he might teach him still what to do; Therefore he advis'd him to chuse one Worker, that it might remind him of keeping his Enemies in the Doxter of affliction, and grinding them as small as Pepper. He bid him take one Quarter of Cloth, such was the Sher Brandriho, to shew that there ought not to be any differences among factions of the same Stamp

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Stamp? He bid him take one that was employed in Cole-Pits, such was Sir Berry, the Knight of the Cole-Pit, to shew that a Politician ought alwayes to be undermining. One Scotchman, such was the Seer Warrellon, to shew the Treachery and Fallshood that Politicians ought to use. One Ploughman, such was the Gyant Desborough, to shew the care that a Politician ought to have, and how he ought to observe times and seasons. And one Cöbler, intimating thereby that a Politician ought to look after no mans ends but his own. When Sir Lambert had made choice of his Council he spake unto them in these Words.

Right Worlhy Patrits,

I Have here made choice of ye, that ye may assist me in the carrying on my great work, I must leave ye for a tience; for that I am going to meet the Loyal Knight in the Plains of Northbrin, who hath bid me defiance, wot ye well that ye have to deal with a proud and insolent City; if therefore they will not be ruled, smok um to death in their own Flives as they do Bees. He was famous that burnt the Temple of Diana, and Nepo was famous that burnt Rome; then be ye famous also, and burn London. I shall say no more, because I repose confidence in ye, not doubting but that ye will stick close unto me, if not for my sake, yet for your own ends; which by no means but mine, ye can ever be able to attain.

When he had uttered these sayings, they all stood up and cry'd long live the Soldan of Brittain.

C H A P. XVII.

How the Seer Warellon lay with a Lady of pleasure that came to him with a Petition, upon the Council Table, and what happened thereupon.

I Give me now Sir Lambert a while, and let us rehearse what happen'd at the Council of Safety, of which the Seer Warellon was Chief President, who was a right notable Rascal, and exceeding fatious, as you shall understand by that which follows. There was a Lady at that time, who had several sad occasions to visit the Council of Safety for the re-

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object of certain graces, but could never find a fit opportunity to deliver her supplication; but, at length finding that the Secer Warreston was all alone in the Council Chamber, she prevail'd with money, of the Duke's keeper to let her in. When she came in, she appeared right comely unto the Secer, and related her Story unto him with such a grace, that he was straightway enamoured of her; Quoth he, Well do you deserve fair Lady to have your Petition granted, but should I grant you your Petition, would you grant me mine? Alas! said the Lady, it is not for you to petition, who have so much power in your hands. Ah! reply'd the Secer, you have wounded me; and I hope you will cure the wound which you have made, and saying these words, he pulled her by the Gown upon his knee as he sat in his great Chair, and would have kissed her. The Lady not ignorant, how much sorrows inflamed, made great resistance, but the more she resisted, the more was he on fire; so that there was exceeding great contention and struggling between them; at length the lustful Secer being the stronger, had thrust her upon the Council Table, and there laid her flat on her back, where at length he gave him leave to quench his desires with the sweet of her flowing Chastity, on condition that he would grant her Request. He had no sooner finished, but in came Sir Electedwood the Contemptible Knight, and some others, who seeing the Secer in a strange posture, with his Band rumpled, his Cap off, the Gown of his Gown torn, and his face more redder then ordinary, desired to know of him what had happen'd unto him. The Secer not at all abashed, told them the whole Story: who entred thereupon into great consultations among themselves. Some were of an opinion, that since the Secer Warrestons Genealogy was likely to increase, that the Souldan should allow him a larger stipend. One stood up and said it was requisite that the Contemptible Knight, and the Knight of the Allegories should be sent to the Temple of the Gods, La porta del Papa Giovanna, to enquire of the Oracle whether it were a Boy or a Girl, that provision for the birth and education might be made accordingly. Others were of opinion that 'twas convenient to know what his Name should be. This debate took up above a weeks time, with continual pro's and con's, and at length they

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concluded that if it were a Boy, he should be called by the Name of young Finbrandus, and that he should be sent to the enchanted Castle NEW GATE, to be bred up in all the secrets of that place; by the several Gyants that frequented the Castle; But if it were a Girl, that she should be delivered to witch Cresswellia, to be taught all kind of sorceries and enchantments; and so the Council was dismissed for that time.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Sir *Lambert* marched against the *Loyal Knight* as far as the Forrest of *Northimbrja*; and how the Council of Safety sent the Gyant *Husonius* to kill the Christians for playing at Foot-Ball.

SIR *Lambert* was now gone towards the Forrest of *Northimbrja* to encounter the *Loyal Knight*, leaving behind him Sir *Vane* and the *Contemprible Knight*. Now you must know that before Sir *Lambert* departed out of the good City of London, there came unto him the *Sher Feko* High Priest of the Temple of the god, called *Foutrelle Diable*, and the *Sher Rogero* High Priest of the god *Cuzzonel Culo*, and declared unto him, how they had that night seen a Vision, and having told what they had seen each unto the other, that they had both dreamed the same Dream: He thought quoth the *Sher Feko*, that I was in a great field, where I saw Sir *Lambert's* Horse feeding among a multitude of other Horses, when on a sudden Sir *Lambert's* Horse elevating his rump, let an exceeding great fart, so that the noise thereof caused the Valleys to sound, and the Hills to echo, and with the strength thereof blew away all the said Horses, so that when I looked about again, I could not see one Horse left. Now while I was musing upon the strangeness of the accident, there came a young man to me clothed in Blue, who bid me declare what I had seen unto Sir *Lambert*, for that as his Horse had farted away all the other horses, so should he scatter all his enemies. When Sir *Lambert* heard this, he caused his Butler to be sent for, and commanded him to carry the two High Priests into the Buttery, and set the Bread and Chale before them, and to give them as

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much Ale as they would drink: which as soon as he had said, he gallop'd away as fast as he could, to encounter the Loyal Knights. Now after that he had been gone a good while, it happen'd some morning that the weather being cold, the young men of the City of London went to play at Football in the Streets, which being related unto the Council of Safety, they were sore afraid, fearing lest the Christians having such a pretence to assemble together, might rise against them; wherefore they sent command immediately to the Gyant Hufonius to go into the City, for fear of the worst. Now such was the haste he was in, that because he could not readily find his own Arms, he was forced to put on his head, a great iron porridge-pot which was next at hand; instead of his shield he took the pot lid, and in lieu of his Pace, he puld up one of the great Elms in the Forrest of St. James: and thus accoutred, away he goes, taking a great Band of souldiers along with him. The Christians hearing of his coming, shut the Gates of the City, thinking to keep him out; but the Gyant pulst them open, with as much ease, as if they had been made of Pass-horn; and finding his own shield defective, he made use of one of the Gates for his Buckler all that day. Yet notwithstanding his coming, the Christians continued playing at Foot-ball, not dreaming that their sport had been offensive. But so it fell out, that one of the Christians striking the Ball right strenuous, by which his foot kick'd the Ball full in the Gyants Face, so that his Eye was in great danger. The Gyant who had but one Eye, and being jealous that the Christians intended to put out that too, was sorely enraged; wherefore in great fury he laid about him with his huge Elm among the multitude, killing six of the Christians at one blow; which the Christians beholding, they incontinently fled away; That when the Gyant Hufonius saw, he thought it good time to satisfy his hunger, as well as his revenge. Thereupon he straightway went and took up one of the dead Christians, and sitting down upon the ridge of a house, in a moment devoured him raw, without either bread or salt, and having finish'd his bloody Meal, Now, quoth he, have I din'd as well as ever I did in my life, had I but half a Childe to close my stomach. The young men seeing this, would have altogether fallen upon the Gyant,

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to little they could either for his name, or the baseness of his proposition, but the chief Governour, fearing the danger of popular tumults, chose rather to put them in silence the injuries of the Tyrant, then hazard the safety of the City, when there seemed other probable means of securing it: wherefore the Tyrant being at length none to oppose him, returned with great triumph to the place from whence he came, and was received with much gladness by the Council of Safety, only they rebuked him, that he did not bring the rest of those Christians along with him, which he had kill'd, that he might have had them for his supper.

C H A P T E R X I V

How the Forty Tyrants were set up again, and how Don Hazlerigo caused several Children to be whipped to death for calling him R V M P E R.

SIR Lambert being now at a great distance from the City of Londinum. The forty Tyrants conspired together, and in a short time they so managed their businesse, that they banquish'd the Council of Safety, and all that adhered unto Sir Lambert: for Don Hazlerigo having got some few armed Troops together, came to Londinum with so much haste and fury, that both the Tyrants Desborow and Hufonius were much appall'd; and besides that, he had joined himself with the Knight of the Green Ocean. When the forty Tyrants heard that Don Hazlerigo was coming to Town, they went forth to meet him, every one clad with a Gown of Tyrean Purple, embroidered with Gold, for they never said what they spent, as if were of the publick money, and before each person went 20 long staves, with Cognizances on their sleeves, every one carrying in his hand the Arms and Penigra of his Lord. Don Hazlerigo was on a Hill, when he saw them coming towards him with their hats on about a mile off; wherefore immediately he sent away one of his Squires, to know of them how they durst be so bold as to keep their hats on before him, while he was in sight; whether they knew who he was, and whether that were their grateful acknowledgment of the favours which

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they were then about to receive from him: whereupon making many humble expressions of sorrow for their offence, they presently unbail; when they approach'd him, he gave them the farthest end of the Lash of his whip to take, having rebuked them first for their lawlessness. As he return'd, he rode himself in a silver Coach gilded with gold, besides which ran 200 Pages and Footmen attired in Blue Velvet, The Trumpets that went before him sounding his praises; were like the lands on the Sea for number, making such a dreadful noise, that many reported that they saw the Graves in many Church-yards to open, and men start up in their shirts to ask what the matter was. Coming into the Chamber of Council, they plac'd him under a Canopy of State; when on a sudden rising up with a Look as Furious as *Tamherlaine's*. What rage, (quoth he) did possess that vain Fool Sir *Lambert*, to lift himself up against me, who am in worth as much above him as the Heaven is above the Earth: proud vaunting piece of insolence, shortly shall he too late repent; when he shall receive due sathe punishment from my hands, as the haughty *Almidol* King of *Morocco* did from the hand of *St. George*. Behold, ye are now once more established by my power; therefore let us to work, and handle this insolent Nation without Mixture: Above all things beware of consideration, knowing that delays are dangerous. If we must burn, let us burn; if kill, kill; and matter whom, what, or when: we lose our Authority while we enter into such consultations; consulting shows fear, and fear was never the mark of absolute Dominion: The Devil, their fate, and his Damns go with all Consultations, and Deliberations, and sage Thoughts; but be ruled by me, and I warrant you all things will go well. When he had spoken these words, he departed home to his House: Now not long after it happened that he was going in great State to the House, certain little children playing together, cries one to another, There goes one of the Rump, which was a term of Ignominy that the people of Britain had thrown upon the Forry Tyrants; which when it came to the ear of Don *Hazletigo*, he caused the said children to be sent for; when they came before him, with a stern countenance, he commanded that they should be forthwith taken away, and whipped to Death with

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with which of knotted whips, he told him one said unto him that it was an cruel a Sentence, he replied that it was so merciful, for that they might thank him that he did not cause them to be offered up to the Idol Moloch in the Statues of the Chimeron, and with that he hung away in a great rage, in order to his other Affairs.

C H A P. X X.

How Sir Lambert submitted; and how the Gyants, Desbaron, Cobber, Crowell, and Hinson, seeing themselves disappointed of their Designs, went to fight against Heaven.

WHEN Sir Lambert saw that he could not get unto the Loyal Knight, who seeing himself far unequal to Sir Lambert in number, kept himself in his strong Holds; he thought upon a way how to keep the Loyal Knight from coming to him: he saw his soldiers wanted work, and therefore to keep them from mutining, and being idle, which two inconveniences commonly go together, like a Citizen and his wife, he gave them a command that they should build up a Wall in the Land of Northumbria, the which in breadth should reach from Sea to Sea, and in height up unto the clouds, and which should be so thick that fifty Coaches might go a-breast; and to secure it from the thunder-thumping-bullets of the dismal-noise-making Cannon, he sent for the Scer Fekou to enchant it. Now where Travellers were to pass to and fro, he ordered that there should be a great Gate made of Marble Blocks, which should be bolted with Bolts as big about as an ordinary Sceptre: the Shooter of the Lock was to be as broad as an Acre of Ground: Then said the Artificer unto Sir Lambert: Who shall turn the Key, and Sir Lambert replied, Let there be a Will to turn it. Now as Sir Lambert was contriving about this Wall, Sir Vaco hearing of his design, sent him a Letter, the substance whereof was, that he had heard of the Wall which he was going to build; and therefore he advised him, because Love would break through stone walls to make it of Brick: in answer to which Sir Lambert sent him another, wherein he assured him that the Wall should be of Brick accordingly, and that if he would not believe him, he might come down and see.

Sir

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Sir Lambert had a double Design in raising this wall; First, because that being he was not ignorant that his soldiers must dig very deep to lay the foundations of such a wall; he knew nothing to the contrary; but that they might find some Mine or other, whereby to enrich both themselves and him, but his main drift was to keep the Loyal Knight from coming into Britain: moreover this wall was to be guarded by never-sleeping Dragons, which were to be sent for from Lydia, as also by Watch-dogs, which were to be kept hungry for that purpose. Now I say now he was in a fair way, but woe unto a man when ill luck follows him. Now said the Knight of the Golden Tulep unto himself, Shall I have such a wall, as there will not be in the world such another, nor was there ever such a one before? Travellers shall come to see this wall of mine; from all the parts of the Earth, and shall bring money in their pockets; and shall enrich my Land: then will I plant Apples and Peach-trees against this wall, and when they are ripe, I will lay unto my wife, lo, the fruits of my Wall. While he was thus solacing himself under his wall, came unto him the sad news how that the Forty Tyrants were got into powder again; and that Don Hazlerigo with an Army had slain all his one and twenty Seers to run away; swearing that he would not only do Sir Lambert now, but make Porridge also of his flesh; he fell straightway into a swoon, continuing so for eight and forty hours; when his friends saw that, they sent for Physicians, who were in a great amazement; but at length they agreed that he should be laid under a Pump, the well being first cleansed and fill'd with Anisid water; which was done accordingly, and so they laid him under the spout and pump'd strong-water into his mouth for ten days together: at the end whereof, through the heat of the water he began to revive; and elevating his drooping head, Oh I quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, groaning like a soul in Purgatory, Accursed be the Loyal Knight; for my Cake's dowry, and all by his means. But the Giant Desborough curst the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, being very free of his Consecration, because that by his means they had put down the Forty Tyrants, saying that he was the arrantest Knave that ever pisseth with a Pea. Sir Lambert

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now considering the sadnesse of his condition, was in a busshel of troubles, so that he knew not what in the world to do. Should I go to the Town of London, quoth he, what should I do there? walk about the streets with my hands in my pocket like a Dutch Saylor? That befits not him that once rode about the streets of Westminster, like a Country Hagler, causing his enemies to creep into Crevises. That becomes not him who once vanquish'd the Baron of Cheshire, and laid the Swineheard of Maxfield sprawling on the ground. But 'tis a folly to talk, I must either go or stay; well Ile go: But God knows my heart, 'tis even as a Bear goes to the stake; and I know I shall be baited like a Bear too; and what then? why a Bear's a Bear, and a Knight's a Knight: Nay, and a Knight's a Bear too; for by the same consequence that I a Knight am made an Ass, shall I a Knight be likewise made a Bear; But let um take heed of their Bears, that is, let um look to themselves; for if ever I get um in my paws again, Ile gripe um a little faster then I did before. When Sir Lambert had spoken these wordes, he threw his cloak over his shoulders, and in very melancholly wise spur'd his Steed forward. The Forty Tyrants hearing that he was come unto the good Town of London, they sent for him to have him in Examination: But when he came before them, Don Hazlerigo lookt upon him with a very grim aspect, Sirrah, quoth he, Sir Knight, what made thy over-venturous, fool-hardy, coxcomby presumption, dare to advance it self against our noble Mirror of Knight-hood? Did'st thou not know that I was cholericke; how then dared'st thou to provoke me? Sir Lambert then pleaded for himself, saying, That he had not done what he did, but that he thought 'twas for the good of the Nation. Thou lyest like a Rogue, replies Don Hazlerigo; and having said those wordes, commanded him to be taken away forthwith, and to be thystown into the Caldron of boiling Lead, which was prepared in a place not far off: and they say he had certainly been boyled to death, had not the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories interceded for him; though indeed he did not prebail so much upon him, but rather prebail'd upon the intentions of some of the Forty Tyrants, who liking not the proceedings of the Loyal Knight, resolved to make use of him

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him again, in case any such quarrel should happen, as they specified.

When the Syant Cobbetto, the Syant Credo, the Syant Hackero, the Syant Hufonio, and the Syant Rodesbo heard of the ill success of Sir Lambert, they grew very mutinous against the Gods of their Religion; they wonder'd that their Gods would use them so discourteously, that it was neither a friendly part, nor the part of Gentlemen to deal with their Idolaters in that fashion: they tax'd them with the want of morality, and common civility: and at length one thing aggravating another, they resolv'd to make them know themselves, and if they would not do that, to pull them out of Heaven by the head and ears. But how shall we come at them? quoth one; well enough cries another; are there not mountains enough in the world? let us never leave setting one upon another, till we reach them.

Whereupon Credo and Cobbetto were sent to bring away Arthur's Seat, and the rest of the Mountains in Scotland, Hufonio was sent to fetch Atlas out of Africa, and Hackero was sent to fetch the Mountains of Caucasus. Then did the Syants Hufonio and Hackero, prepare them wonderful Stilts wherewith to wade through the deep Ocean: Now because that the length of them was such and so vast, they took the largest steps that ever were known, one Stilt being alwaies ten Mile before the other, which may seem incredible, but that we do not find it set down in the Apocrypha.

The Syant Credo seeing them preparing them such Stilts, he presently made himself such too; for, quoth he, surely they must be excellent for dispatch, which he found to be true; for by the help of those Stilts he went to the furthest parts of old Scotia, and back again in less than a quarter of an hour, bringing a huge and mighty Hill upon his head with more ease than a Turk carries his Turbant: now because the Hill covered him all over, so that he could not be perceiv'd, some say that the Hill walk'd and it was taken for a great Miracle throughout all Albion. When he came to the place appointed, he took the said mountain off his head, as one would take off his Cap, and with one hand set it upon the top of Plimlimmon; he had no sooner
done

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done it, but the Caberns of his belly roar'd, and immediately sent forth such a mighty tempest as blew the said Mountain quite away some 10 Miles into the Ocean, as you would blow away a feather with a Smiths pair of Bellows; and so was all that labour lost. Scarcely had this misfortune befallen them, when the Gyants Hufonio and Hackero return'd the one from Tennariffe, the other from Africa, They related strange things; how that as they were taking up the Mountains on their backs, the Knights of those Countries came upon them, so that they were forc'd to fight with all Comers and Goers for six days and nights together: Hufonio said that he had slain three Millions of Knights, and Hackero reported how he had kill'd five Millions and ten Knights, besides two dwarfs; but at length hearing that Atlas was coming to defend his own mountain being very weary, they retired forthwith; for they were loth to venture rubbers with a Gyant of such Fame as he was: Homerod they brought with them four or five smaller Hills, which were not above two or three Miles high a piece, which they had put in their pockets for fear of being discovered. But as they were going to place these one upon another, according to their first resolutions, lo, another accident that spoiled all: For early in the morning, behold there came five Milk-maids forth to milk the Kine that were grazing in the adjoining pastures; when the Gyants saw them all in white with Milk-pails on their heads, they admir'd at the strangeness of their Dress; for were they Hostals, quoth they, they would not approach as they do, but taking us, would certainly be affrighted at our Shapes: Whereupon the Gyant Credo went down to meet them, and when he came nigh, he said unto them, with a stern countenance, Are yee Spirits of the North, or of the South; or are ye Spirits of the lower Regions, or spirits of the Sphears? If ye be such, Think you that we who are now going to revenge our selves upon the Gods, will let you escape, who are but their Ministers? with that he gave one of the Milk-maids such a blow on her Pail, as made her Pail and her Head come almost to the ground together; which when the rest spy'd they threw down their Milk-pails with great indignation, and fell upon the Gyant with such a fury, that he not being able to

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resist their strong Violence, was forced to yield, while they drag'd him to the ground by the hair of the head: being in this plight, he began to call and cry; but 'twas well if the rest of the Gyants had enough of courage to see him; for they durst not stir one inch to his assistance. Chailain that thou art, Quoth one of the Amazon Virgins, I'll teach thee to hurt Jane, and with that he gave him a claw that plow'd up his face from ear to ear. Nay, quoth another, for the honour of Saint George, let's cross him; and so he made a furrow from his Chin to his Forehead; One would have cut off his Gingumbobs, but that fear made him smell so strong, that they were forc'd to quit him. Which blessed time being come, with a countenance full of the effects of a sad conquest he went to his fellow-Gyants, who partly affrighted at the direful mortifications of his visage, partly seeing the Milk-wenches advance, and considering that they should never be able to conquer the Gods, who were beaten only by two or three sprights, as to them the Milk-wenches seemed to be, they took up their Heels, and with no small diligence, ran away, leaving their intended Design to any body else that durst undertake it.

C H A P. X X I.

How the *Loyal Knight* enter'd *Londinum*, and what hapned thereupon.

Not long agoe we left the Loyal Knight in the Country of Scoria, devising with his Company concerning the welfare of the Countrey of Britain. He at length seeing the Forces of Sir Lambert dissipated by the power of the forty Tyrants rode toward the City of Londinum, meeting many Knights by the way that followed the King, whom he still directed in their course, who made to him report of the dealings of the forty Tyrants at Londinum: When he enter'd into the City of Londinum, he caused Don Lamberto to be cast into prison; but long had he not been there, but he made his escape, thinking to have gathered his Forces together again, and to have encountred the Loyal Knight; but being hardly pursued, he was again retaken, and again committed to the care of the Knight

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Knight of the Lyons. When the forty Tyrants saw that they could make no resistance against the Loyal Knight, neither of themselves, nor by any other means, they came to the Loyal Knight, saying unto him, We thought till now, my Lord, that ye were one of the best advised Knights of the whole world, but that we now by proof perceive the contrary. You think that what ye do is for safety of your Honour, but you will find it to be the losse of you and your men. But the Loyal Knight replying, Full well, quoth he, do you manifest your horrible Treason; for besides your Treachery in compacting the Death of your Lord, you would have me also a Traytor to his Posterity, as ye have proved. Then said the forty Tyrants, to hinder us from ruling in London? To which the Loyal Knight making answer, Never, quoth he, shall Traytor reign in London while the most Honourable King of the World liveth. When this debate was ended, He summon'd the Kings Friends together, and gave them the chief power over Britain, which was no longer restored unto them, but they sent for the true and lawful King of Britain, who not long after was received into his chief City of London with great Joy and Triumph: And so concludeth the first Part of this Discourse.

F I N I S.

Don Juan Lamberto:

The Second Part.

CHAP. I.

How the *Scot Life* hearing of the return of the lawful King of Britain, devised for to flye out of the Land, how he made him a Periwig of Camels hair, and how he fled into Egypt in a winged Chariot.

NOW as they were resting themselves in the Forrest under the forsaken Tree, Sir Lambert unbuckled his Armour, and was laying himself down in a posture to sleep, when lo there came a Snayl creeping towards him. Oh that I could now pray, quoth he, as well as the old Soldan could, for certainly this is an evil Spirit, but when he gathered up his resolution and struck it, the poor Snayl pull'd in its horns, and then he had compassion thereon, for said he, this poor Snayl is in my condition, and pulls in its horns, even as I am forced to pull in mine, because of the tapp which the forty Tyrants have given me. But the forty Tyrants though they had banquished Sir Lambert, did not yet enjoy their intended ease and quiet, for they were sorely press'd upon by the Loyal Knight, and the rest of the Christians that were with him; who were indeed so cunning for them: For the Loyal Knight seeing that his Forces were not powerful enough for them,







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